supply of gold in the world; as the Thirties proceeded, Europe was increasingly dominated by Germany, whose Fuhrer's speeches were anxiously awaited, if angry, spreading panic, if mild, engendering a feeling of relief comparable to that of a prisoner who, expecting a term of imprisonment, is only bound over. After one such mild speech in the early part of 1939, the *Daily Sketch* reported that all the florists in London were sold out, though whether to provide wreaths or bouquets or household decorations was not explained. 'The great security for peace at the present moment/ Lord Grey of Fallodon said in 1933, 'is that Germany is not armed, and not in a position to go to war/ He, dying soon afterwards, did not live to see how soon and how easily this 'great security for peace' was to be lost. At midnight on August 4, 1914, he had sadly reflected: 'The lamps are going out all over Europe. We shall not see them lit again in our life-time'; on the morning of September 3, 1939, six years after his death, they would have gone out once more if any had been alight. There were none to go out then. Put out the light, when the light had already been put out; lamps extinguished before, were extinguished again.

IX

Each generation has its hero, one in whom are embodied all prevailing trends and aspirations, whose very features are what his contemporaries would wish to see when they look into a mirror, whose character and achievements represent in the eyes

of others what they would wish theirs to be. Heroes are mortal, like men. They die and are forgotten, lingering on, if at all, in the pages of books, in the glamour of a remembered name.

They expire with their validity, sometimes continuing to exist in the flesh, ghostly; more often expiring as heroes and as men simultaneously, like Colonel T. E. Lawrence, whose death in *93/» *as* a result of a motor-bicycle accident seemed inevitable, to himself and to others. His genius had left him, he wrote to a